FOLKLORE

IN

SOUTHERN INDIA.

PART II.

BY

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VI.

VIDAMUNDAN KODAMUNDAN.

Mr. Won't-Give and Mr. Won't-Leave.

In a certain town there lived a clever old Brâhmaṇ, named Won't-Give.[1] He used to go out daily and to beg in all the houses round, under the pretence that he had to feed several Brâhmaṇs in his own house. Good people, that believed in his words, used to give him much rice and curry stuffs, with which he would come home, and explain to his wife how he had deceived such and such a gentleman by the imposition of feeding in charity many persons at home. But if any hungry Brâhmaṇ, who had heard of his empty boast of feeding Brâhmaṇs at home, came to him, he was sent away with some excuse or other. In this way Mr. Won't-Give brought home a basketful of rice and other necessaries every day, of which he only used a small portion for himself and his wife, and converted the remainder into money. And thus by imposition and tricks he managed to live well for several years.

In an adjoining village there lived another very clever Brâhmaṇ, named Won't-Leave.[2] Whenever he found any man reluctant and unwilling to give him anything that he begged

[1] *Koḍâmunḍan.* [2] *Viḍâmunḍan.*

of him, he would persist in bothering him until he had wrung from him a dole. This Mr. Won't-Leave, hearing of the charity of Mr. Won't-Give and his benevolent feeding of Brâhmaṇs, came to see him one day and requested him to give him a meal. Mr. Won't-Give told him that for that day ten Brâhmaṇs had already been settled, and that if he came the next day he would have his meal without fail. Mr. Won't-Leave agreed to this, and left him for that day. Mr. Won't-Give had, of course, told him the very lie he was accustomed to tell all that occasionally begged meals of him.

Now Mr. Won't-Leave was not so stupid as to be thus imposed upon. He stood before Mr. Won't-Give's door precisely at the appointed *ghaṭikâ* (hour) the next day, and reminded the master of the house of his promise. Mr. Won't-Give had never before been taken at his word, and determined to send away the impertinent guest by some stronger excuse than the first, and so he spoke to him thus:— "Sir, I am very sorry to say that my wife fell ill last night of a strong fever, from which she has not yet recovered. Owing to this unforeseen accident I have had to postpone my charitable feedings (*samârâdhana*) till her recovery, so do not trouble me please for some days more."

Mr. Won't-Leave heard these words with an expression of sincere, or rather seem-

ingly sincere, sorrow in his face, and replied :—"Respected Sir, I am very sorry for the illness of the mistress of the house, but to give up charitable feeding of Brâhmaṇs on that account is a great sin. For the last ten years I have been studying the art of cooking, and can now cook for even several hundreds of Brâhmaṇs; so I can assist you now in preparing the necessaries for the *samârâdhana*." Mr. Won't-Give could not refuse such a request, but he deceitfully determined in his mind to get Mr. Won't-Leave to cook for him, and then to drive him away without giving him his rice. And so he said :—"Yes, that is a very good idea. I am much obliged to you for your kind suggestion. Come in. Let us cook together." So saying the master of the house took Mr. Won't-Leave inside and they both went into the kitchen, while the mistress of the house, at the command of her husband, pretended illness.

Now Mr. Won't-Give was a good liver, and prepared with the assistance of Mr. Won't-Leave several good dishes. And then the difficulty was to drive the fellow out, for the long-maintained rule of never feeding a single Brâhmaṇ must not be broken that day. So when the cooking was all over the master of the house gave to Mr. Won't-Leave a *kâśu* (copper coin) and asked him to bring some leaves from the *bâzâr* (for plates), and he accord-

ingly went. Mr. Won't-Give meanwhile came to his wife and instructed her thus:—" My dearest wife, I have spared you the trouble of cooking to-day. Would that we could get such stupid fools as this every day to cook for us! I have now sent him out to fetch us some leaves, and it won't look well if we shut our doors against him, or drive him away: so we must make him go away of his own accord. A thought has just come into my mind as to how we can do it. As soon as he comes you should commence to quarrel with me. I shall then come to you and beat you, or rather the ground near you with both my hands, and you must continue your abuse and cries. The guest will find this very disgusting, and will leave us of his own accord." Mr. Won't-Give had just finished his instructions when he saw Mr. Won't-Leave returning with the leaves.

The wife, as prearranged, abused her husband right and left for his great imprudence and over-liberality in feeding the Brâhmaṇs. Said she: "How are we to get on in the world if you thus empty the house of everything we have in feeding big-bellied Brâhmaṇs? Must you be so very strict in inviting them, even when I am sick?" These and a thousand similar expressions were now launched at the husband's head. He pretended not to hear it for a time, but at last, apparently overcome by anger, he went in and with his hands gave successive blows on

the floor. At every blow on the floor the wife cried out that she was being murdered, and that those who had mercy in their hearts should come to her rescue.

Mr. Won't-Leave from the court-yard of the house listened to what was taking place inside, but not wishing to interfere in a quarrel between husband and wife, left matters to take their own course, and got into the loft, where he hid himself, fearing that he would be summoned as a witness to the quarrel.

After a time Mr. Won't-Give came out of the room where he had been beating the floor, and to his joy he could not find the guest. He cautiously looked round him and saw no signs of Mr. Won't-Leave. Of course, having had no reason to think that his guest would be sitting in the loft, he did not look up there, and even if he had done so, he would not have found him, for he had hidden himself out of sight.

Mr. Won't-Give now carefully bolted the door and his wife came out and changed her dirty cloth for a clean one. Said her husband to her: "At last we have succeeded in driving him out, come, you too must be hungry; let us have our dinner together." Two leaves were spread on the ground and all the dishes were equally divided into them. Meanwhile Mr. Won't-Leave was examining all that took place below him and, being himself very

hungry, was slyly watching for an opportunity to jump down. Mr. Won't-Give, gloating over his trickery, said to his wife: "Well, my love, did I not beat you without hurting you?" to which she replied: "Did I not continue to cry without shedding tears?" when suddenly there fell on their ears, "And did I not come to have my dinner without going away?" and down jumped Mr. Won't-Leave from the loft, and took his seat in front of the leaf spread by Mr. Won't-Give for his wife. And Mr. Won't-Give, though disappointed, was highly pleased at the cleverness of his guest.

This story is cited as the authority for three proverbs that have come into use in Tamiḻ:

"*Nôvâmal adittên.*"
"*Ôyâmaḻ aludên.*"
"*Pôkâmal vandên.*"

which represent the exchanges of politeness between the husband, the wife, and the guest, quoted in the foregoing paragraphs.

VII.

VAYALVALLAN KAIYAVALLA.

Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth and Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands.

In two adjoining villages there lived two famous men. The one was called Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth[1]—one that could accomplish wonders with words alone. The other was called Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands[2]—one who could make no use of that glib instrument the tongue, but was able to bear burdens, cut wood, and perform other physical labour.

It so happened that they agreed to live together in the house of the Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth, to try and see which of them was the superior. They accordingly kept company for several months, till the great feast of the nine nights (*navarâtrî*) came on. On the first day of the feast Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands wanted to sacrifice a goat to the goddess Kâḷî. So he said to Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth, "My dear friend, we both are mighty in our way, and so it would be shameful for us to buy the goat that we want to sacrifice with money. We should manage to get it without payment." "Yes, we must do so, and I know how," replied Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth, and he asked his friend to wait till that evening.

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[1] *Vâyâlvallan.* [2] *Kaiyâlvallan.*

Now there lived a shepherd at one *ghaṭikâ's* (hour's) distance from their house, and the two friends resolved to go to his fold that night and steal away one of his goats. Accordingly when it was dark they approached his fold. The shepherd had just finished his duties to the mute members of his flock, and wanted to go home and have his rice hot. But he had no second person to watch the flock, and he must not lose his supper. So he planted his crook before the fold, and throwing his blanket (*kambaḷi*) over it, thus addressed it: "My son, I am very hungry, and so must go for my rice. Till I return do you watch the flock. This wood is rich in tigers and goblins (*bhûtas*). Some mischievous thief or *bhûta*—or *kûta*[3] may come to steal away the sheep. Watch over them carefully." So saying the shepherd went away.

The friends had heard what the shepherd said. Of course, Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth laughed within himself at this device of the shepherd to impress upon would-be robbers that he had left some one there to watch his sheep, while really he had only planted a pole and thrown a blanket over it. Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands, however, did not see the trick, and mistaking the stick to be an

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[3] There is no such word as *kûta* in Tamiḷ. The Tamiḷ and other Dravidian languages allow rhyming repetitions of a word, like this—*bhûta-kûta*.

actual watchman sitting at his duty before the fold, spoke thus to his friend, "Now what are we to do? There is a watchman sitting in front of the fold." Thereon Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth cleared away his doubts by saying that it was no watchman, but a mere stick, and entered the fold with his friend.

It had also so happened that on that very night a *bhûta* (goblin) had come into the fold to steal away a sheep. It shuddered with fear on hearing the shepherd mention the *kûta*, for having never heard of the existence of *kûtas*, it mistook this imaginary being to be something superior in strength to itself. So thinking that a *kûta* might come to the fold, and not wishing to expose itself till it knew well what *kûtas* were, the *bhûta* transformed itself into a sheep and laid itself down among the flock. By this time the two Mighties had entered the fold and begun an examination of the sheep. They went on rejecting one animal after another for some defect or other, till at last they came to the sheep which was none other than the *bhûta*. They tested it, and when they found it very heavy—as, of course, it would be with the soul of the *bhûta* in it,—they began to tie up its legs to carry it home. When hands began to shake it the *bhûta* mistook the Mighties for the *kûtas*, and said to itself:—"Alas! the *kûtas* have come to take me away. What am I to do? What a fool I was to come

into the fold!" So thought the *bhûta* as Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands was carrying it away on his head, with his friend following him behind. But the *bhûta* soon began to work its devilish powers to extricate itself, and Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands began to feel pains all over his body and said to his friend: "My dear Mighty, I feel pains all over me. I think what we have brought is no sheep!" Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth was inwardly alarmed at the words of his friend, but did not like to show that he was afraid. So he said, "Then put down the sheep, and let us tear open its belly, so that we shall each have only one-half of it to carry." This frightened the *bhûta*, and he melted away on the head of Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands, who, relieved of his devilish burden, was glad to return home safe with his friend.

The *bhûta* too went to its abode and there told its fellow-goblins how it had involved itself in a great trouble and how narrowly it had escaped. They all laughed at its stupidity and said, "What a great fool you are! They were no *kûtas*. In fact there are no *kûtas* in the world. They were men, and it was most stupid of you to have got yourself into their hands. Are you not ashamed to make such a fuss about your escape?" The injured *bhûta* retorted that they would not have made such remarks had they seen the *kûtas*. "Then show us these *kûtas*, as you choose to

call them," said they, "and we will crush them in the twinkling of an eye." "Agreed," said the injured *bhûta*, and the next night it took them to the house of the Mighties, and said from a distance: "There is their house. I cannot approach it. Do whatever you like." The other *bhûtas* were amazed at the fear of their timid brother, and resolved among themselves to put an end to the enemies of even one of their caste. So they went in a great crowd to the house of the Mighties. Some stood outside the house, to see that none of the inmates escaped, and some watched in the back-yard, while a score of them jumped over the walls and entered the court-yard.

Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands was sleeping in the verandah, adjoining the courtyard, and when he heard the noise of people jumping, he opened his eyes, and to his terror saw some *bhûtas* in the court. Without opening his mouth he quietly rolled himself along the ground, and went to the room where Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth was sleeping with his wife and children. Tapping gently at the door he awoke his friend and said, "What shall we do now? The *bhûtas* have invaded our house, and will soon kill us." Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth told him quietly not to be afraid, but to go and sleep in his original place, and that he himself would make the *bhûtas* run away. Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands did not understand what his friend

meant, but not wishing to contradict his instructions rolled his way back to his original place and pretended to sleep, though his heart was beating terribly with fright. Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth now awoke his wife, and instructed her thus: "My dearest wife, the foolish *bhûtas* have invaded our house, but if you act according to my advice we are safe, and the goblins will depart harmlessly. What I want you to do is, to go to the hall and light a lamp, spread leaves on the floor, and then pretend to awake me for my supper. I shall get up and enquire what you have ready to give me to eat. You will then reply that you have only pepper water and vegetables. With an angry face I shall say, 'What have you done with the three *bhûtas* that our son caught hold of on his way while returning from school?' Your reply must be, 'The rogue wanted some sweetmeats on coming home. Unfortunately I had none in the house, so he roasted the three *bhûtas* and gobbled them up.'" Thus instructing his wife Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth pretended to go to sleep.

The wife accordingly spread the leaves and called her husband for his supper. During the conversation that followed, the fact that the son had roasted three goblins for sweetmeats was conveyed to the *bhûtas*. They shuddered at the son's extraordinary ability, and thought, "What must the father do for his meals when a son roasts three *bhûtas* for

sweetmeats ?" So they at once took to their heels. Then going to the brother they had jeered at, they said to him that indeed the *kûtas* were their greatest enemies, and that none of their lives were safe while they remained where they were, as on that very evening the son of a *kûta* had roasted three of them for sweetmeats. They therefore all resolved to fly away to the adjoining forest, and disappeared accordingly. Thus Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth saved himself and his friend on two occasions from the *bhûtas*.

The friends after this went out one day to an adjoining village and were returning home rather late in the evening. Darkness came on them before half the way was traversed, and there lay before them a dense wood infested by beasts of prey: so they resolved to spend the night in a high tree and go home next morning, and accordingly got up into a big *pîpal*. Now this was the very wood into which the *bhûtas* had migrated, and at midnight they all came down with torches to catch jackals and other animals to feast upon. The fear of Mr. Mighty-of-his-hands may be more imagined than described. The dreaded *bhûtas* were at the foot of the very tree in which he had taken up his abode for the night! His hands trembled. His body shook. He lost his hold, and down he came with a horrible rustling of leaves. His friend, how-

ever, was, as usual, ready with a device, and bawled out, "I wished to leave these poor beings to their own revelry. But you are hungry and must needs jump down to catch some of them. Do not fail to lay your hands on the stoutest *bhûta*." The goblins heard the voice which was already very familiar to their ears, for was it not the *kûta* whose son had roasted up three *bhûtas* for sweetmeats that spoke? So they ran away at once, crying out, "Alas, what misery! Our bitter enemies have followed us even to this wood!" Thus the wit of Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth saved himself and his friend for the third time.

The sun began to rise, and Mr. Mighty-of-his hands thrice walked round Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth and said, "My dear friend, truly you only of us two are mighty. Mere physical strength is of no use without skill in words. The latter is far superior to the former, and if a man possess both, he is, as it were, a golden lotus having a sweet scent. It is enough for me now to have arrived at this moral! With your kind permission I shall return to my village." Mr. Mighty-of-his-mouth asked his friend not to consider himself under any obligation, and, after honouring him as became his position he let him return to his village.

The moral of this short story is that in man there is nothing great but mind.

VIII.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW BECAME AN ASS.

Little by little the mother-in-law became an ass—*varavara mámi kaḻudai pôl âṇâḷ*, is a proverb among the Tamils, applied to those who day by day go downwards in their progress in study, position, or life, and based on the following story:—

In a certain village there lived a Brâhmaṇ with his wife, mother, and mother-in-law. He was a very good man, and equally kind to all of them. His mother complained of nothing from his hands, but his wife was a very bad-tempered woman, and always troubled her mother-in-law by keeping her engaged in this work or that throughout the day, and giving her very little food in the evening. Owing to this the poor Brâhmaṇ's mother was almost dying of misery. On the other hand, her own mother received very kind treatment, of course, at her daughter's hands, by whom the husband was so completely ruled over, that he had no strength of mind to oppose her ill-treatment of his mother.

One evening, just before sunset, the wife abused her mother-in-law with such fury, that the latter had to fly away to escape a thrashing. Much vexed at her unhappiness she ran out of the village, but the sun had begun to set, and the darkness of night was

fast overtaking her. So finding a ruined temple she entered it to pass the night there. It happened to be the abode of the village Kâḷî (goddess), who used to come out every night at midnight to inspect her village. That night she perceived a woman—the mother of the poor Brâhmaṇ—lurking within her *prâkâras* (boundaries), and being a most benevolent Kâḷî called out to her, and asked her what made her so miserable that she should leave her home on such a dark night. The old Brâhmaṇî told her story in a few words, and while she was speaking the cunning goddess was using her supernatural powers to see whether all she said was true or not, and finding it to be the truth she thus replied in very soothing tones:—"I pity your misery, mother, because your daughter-in-law troubles and vexes you thus when you have become old, and have no strength in your body. Now take this mango," and taking a ripe one from out of her hips she gave it to the old Brahmaṇî with a smiling face—"eat it, and you will soon turn out a young woman like your own daughter-in-law, and then she shall no longer trouble you." Thus consoling the afflicted old woman, the kind-hearted Kâḷî went away. The Brâhmaṇî lingered for the remainder of the night in the temple, and being a fond mother she did not like to eat the whole of the mango without giving a portion of it to her son.

Meanwhile, when her son returned home in the evening he found his mother absent, but his wife explained the matter to him, so as to throw the blame on the old woman, as she always did. As it was dark he had no chance of going out to search for her, so he waited for the daylight, and as soon as he saw the dawn started to look for his mother. He had not walked far when to his joy he found her in the temple of Kâḷî.

"How did you pass the cold night, my dearest mother?" said he. "What did you have for dinner? Wretch that I am to have got myself married to a cur. Forget all her faults, and return home."

His mother shed tears of joy and sorrow, and related her previous night's adventure, whereon he said:—

"Delay not even one *nimisha* (minute), but eat this fruit at once. I do not want any of it. Only if you become young and strong enough to stand that nasty cur's troubles, well and good."

So the mother ate up the divine fruit, and the son took her upon his shoulders and brought her home, on reaching which he placed her on the ground, when to his joy she was no longer an old woman, but a young girl of sixteen, and stronger than his own wife. The troublesome wife was now totally put down, and was powerless against so strong a mother-in-law.

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She did not at all like the change, and having to give up her habits of bullying, and so she argued to herself thus—"This jade of a mother-in-law became young through the fruit of the Kâḷî, why should not my mother also do the same, if I instruct her and send her to the same temple." So she instructed her mother as to the story she ought to give to the goddess and sent her there. Her old mother, agreeably to her daughter's injunctions went to the temple, and on meeting with the goddess at midnight gave a false answer that she was being greatly ill-treated by her daughter-in-law, though, in truth, she had nothing of the kind to complain of. The goddess perceived the lie through her divine powers, but apparently seeming to pity her, gave her also a fruit. Her daughter had instructed her not to eat it till next morning and till she saw her son-in-law.

As soon as morning approached the poor henpecked Brâhmaṇ was ordered by his wife to go to the temple and fetch his mother-in-law as he had some time back fetched away his mother. He accordingly went, and invited her to come home. She wanted him to eat part of the fruit, as she had been instructed, but he refused, and so she swallowed it all, fully expecting to become young again on reaching home. Meanwhile her son-in-law took her on his shoulders and returned home, expecting, as his former experience had taught him, to see

his mother-in-law also become a young woman. Anxiety to see how the change came on overcame him and at half way he turned his head and found such part of the burden on his shoulders as he could see to be like parts of an ass, but he took this to be a mere preliminary stage towards youthful womanhood! Again he turned, and again he saw the same thing several times, and the more he looked the more his burden became like an ass, till at last when he reached home his burden jumped down braying like an ass and ran away.

Thus the Kâḷî, perceiving the evil intentions of the wife, disappointed her by turning her mother into an ass, but no one knew of it till she actually jumped down from the shoulders of her son-in-law.

This story is always cited as the explanation of the proverb quoted above—*varavara mâmi kaḷudai pôl ânâḷ*—little by little the mother-in-law became an ass, to which is also commonly added *ûr varumbôdu ûḷaiyiḍa talaippaṭṭâḷ*—and as she approached the village she began to bray.

IX.

THE STORY OF APPAYYA.[1]

अपूपेन हताः चोराः
हता खड्गेन केसरी ।
तुरंगेण हतं सैन्यम्
विधिर्भाग्यानुसारिणी ॥

In a remote village there lived a poor Brâhmaṇ and his wife. Though several years of their wedded life had passed they unfortunately had no children; and so being very eager for a child, and having no hope of one by his first wife, the poor Brâhmaṇ made up his mind to marry a second. His wife would not permit it for some time, but finding her husband resolved, she gave way, thinking within herself that she would manage somehow to do away with the second wife. As soon as he had got her consent the Brâhmaṇ arranged for his second marriage and wedded a beautiful Brâhmaṇ girl. She went to live with him in the same house with the first wife, who, thinking that she would be making the world suspicious if she did anything suddenly, waited for some time.

Îśvara himself seemed to favour the new

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[1] [Compare the tale of Fattû, the Valiant Weaver, *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XI, p. 282 ff.—R. C. T.]

marriage, and the second wife, a year after her wedding, becoming pregnant, went in the sixth month of her pregnancy to her mother's house for her confinement. Her husband bore his separation from her patiently for a fortnight, but after this the desire to see her again began to prey upon his mind, and he was always asking his first wife as to when he ought to go to her. She seemed to sympathise fully with his trouble and said:—

"My dearest husband, your health is being daily injured, and I am glad that your love for her has not made it worse than it is. To-morrow you must start on a visit to her. It is said that we should not go empty-handed to children, a king, or a pregnant woman: so I shall give you one hundred *apûpa* cakes, packed up separately in a vessel, which you must give to her. You are very fond of *apûpas*, and I fear that you will eat some of them on the way: but you had better not do so. And I will give you some cakes packed in a cloth separately for you to eat on your journey."

So the first wife spent the whole night in preparing the *apûpa* cakes, and mixed poison in the sugar and rice-flour of those she made for her co-wife and rival; but as she entertained no enmity against her husband the *apûpa* cakes for him were properly prepared. By the time the morning dawned she had packed up the hundred *apûpas* in a brass

vessel, which could be easily carried on a man's head.

After a light breakfast—for a heavy one is always bad before a journey on foot—the Brâhmaṇ placed the brass vessel on his head, and holding in his hand the kerchief containing the food for himself on the way started for the village of his second wife, which happened to be at a distance of two days' journey. He walked in hot haste till evening approached, and when the darkness of night overtook him, the rapidity of his walk had exhausted him, and he felt very hungry. He espied a wayside shed and a tank near his path, and entered the water to perform his evening ablution to the god of the day, who was fast going down below the horizon. As soon as this was over he untied his kerchief, and did full justice to its contents by swallowing every cake whole. He then drank some water and, being quite overcome by fatigue, fell into a deep slumber in the shed, with his brass vessel and its sweet, or rather poisonous, contents under his head.

Close by the spot where the Brâhmaṇ slept there reigned a famous king who had a very beautiful daughter. Several persons demanded her hand in marriage, among whom was a robber chieftain, who wanted her for his only son. Though the king liked the boy for his beauty, the thought that he was only a robber for all that prevented him from making up his

mind to give his daughter in marriage to him. The robber-lord, however, was determined to have his own way, and accordingly despatched one hundred of his band to fetch away the princess in the night without her knowledge while she was sleeping, to his palace in the woods. In obedience to their chieftain's order the robbers, on the night the Brâhmaṇ happened to sleep in the shed, entered the king's palace and stole away the princess, together with the cot on which she was sleeping. On reaching the shed the hundred robbers found themselves very thirsty —for being awake at midnight always brings on thirst. So they placed the cot on the ground and were entering the water to quench their thirst. Just then they smelt the *apûpa* cakes, which, for all that they contained poison, had a very sweet savour. The robbers searched about the shed, and found the Brâhmaṇ sleeping on one side, and the brass vessel lying at a distance from him, for he had pushed it from underneath his head when he had stretched himself in his sleep. They opened the vessel and to their joy found in it exactly one hundred *apûpa* cakes.

"We have one here for each of us, and that is something better than mere water. Let us each eat before we go into it," said the leader of the gang, and at once each man swallowed greedily what he had in his hand, and immediately all fell down dead. Lucky it was that no

one knew of the old Brâhmaṇî's trick. Had the robbers any reason to suspect it they would never have eaten the cakes. Had the Brâhmaṇ known it he would never have brought them with him for his dear second wife. Lucky was it for the poor old Brâhmaṇ and his second wife, and lucky was it for the sleeping princess, that these cakes went, after all, into the stomachs of the villainous robbers!

After sleeping his fill the Brâhmaṇ, who had been dreaming of his second wife all night, awoke in haste to pursue the remainder of his journey to her house. He could not find his brass vessel, but near the place where he had left it he found several men of the woods, whom he knew very well by their appearance to be robbers, as he thought, sleeping. Angered at the loss of his vessel he took up a sword from one of the dead robbers and cut off all their heads, thinking all the while that he was killing one hundred living robbers, who were sleeping after having eaten all his cakes. Presently the princess's cot fell under his gaze, and he approached it and found on it a most beautiful lady fast asleep. Being an intelligent man he perceived that the persons whose heads he had cut off, must have been some thieves, or other wicked men, who had carried her off. He was not long in doubt, for not far off he saw an army marching up rapidly with a king at its head, who

was saying, "Down with the robber who has stolen away my daughter." The Brâhmaṇ at once inferred that this must be the father of the sleeping princess, and suddenly waking her up from her sleep spoke thus to her :—

"Behold before you the hundred robbers that brought you here a few hours ago from your palace. I fought one and all of them single handed and have killed them all."

The princess was highly pleased at what she heard, for she knew of all the tricks the robbers had previously played to carry her off. So she fell reverently at the Brâhmaṇ's feet and said :

"Friend, never till now have I heard of a warrior who single-handed fought one hundred robbers. Your valour is unparalleled. I *will* be your wife, if only in remembrance of your having saved me from falling into the hands of these ruffians."

Her father and his army was now near the shed, for he had all along watched the conduct of the robber chieftain, and as soon as the maidservants of the palace informed him of the disappearance of the princess and her cot, he marched straight with his soldiers for the woods. His joy, when he saw his daughter safe, knew no bounds, and he flew into his daughter's arms, while she pointed to the Brâhmaṇ as her preserver. The king now put a thousand questions to our hero, who, being well versed in matters of fighting, gave sound

replies, and so came successfully out of his first adventure. The king, astonished at his valour, took him to his palace, and rewarded him with the hand of the princess. And the robber chieftain, fearing the new son-in-law who single-handed had killed a hundred of his robbers, never troubled himself about the princess. Thus the Brâhmaṇ's first adventure ended in making him son-in-law to a king!

Now there lived a lioness in a wood near the princess's country, who had a great taste for human flesh, and so once a week the king used to send a man into the wood to serve as her prey. All the people now collected together before the king and said:—

"Most honoured king, while you have a son-in-law who killed one hundred robbers with his sword, why should you continue to send a man into the wood every week. We request you to send your son-in-law next week to the wood and have the lioness killed."

This seemed most reasonable to the king, who called for his son-in-law and sent him armed to the teeth into the wood.

Now our Brâhmaṇ could not refuse to go for fear of losing the fame of his former exploit, and hoping that fortune would favour him, he asked his father-in-law to have him hoisted up into a big banyan tree with all kinds of weapons, and this was done. The appointed time for the lioness to eat her prey approached,

and as she saw no one coming for her, and as sometimes those that had to come used to linger for a short time in the tree in which the Brâhmaṇ had taken refuge, she went up to it to see that no such trick has been played upon her this time. This made the Brâhmaṇ tremble so violently that he dropped the sword he held in his hand. At that very moment the lioness happened to yawn and the sword dropped right into her jaws and killed her. As soon as the Brâhmaṇ saw the course which events had taken, he came down from the tree and invented a thousand stories of how he had given battle to the terrible lioness and overcome her. This exploit fully established his valour, and feasts and rejoicings in honour of it followed, and the whole country round blessed the son-in-law of their king.

Near this kingdom there also reigned a powerful emperor, who levied tribute from all the surrounding countries. To this emperor the father-in-law of our most valorous Brâhmaṇ, who, at one stroke, had killed one hundred robbers and, at another, a fierce lioness, had also to pay a certain amount of tribute; but trusting to the power of his son-in-law, he stopped the tribute to the emperor, who, by the way, was named Appayya Râja, and who, as soon as the tribute was stopped, invaded his dominions, and his father-in-law besought the Brâhmaṇ for assistance.

Again the poor Brâhmaṇ could not refuse; for if he did all his former fame would be lost. So he determined to undertake this adventure also, and to trust to fortune rather than give up the attempt. He asked for the best horse and the sharpest sword and set out to fight the enemy, who had already encamped on the other side of the river, which flowed at a short distance to the east of the town.

Now the king had a very unruly horse, which had never been broken in, and this he gave his son-in-law; and, supplying him with a sharp sword, asked him to start. The Brâhmaṇ then asked the king's servants to tie him up with cotton strings tight on to the saddle, and set out on the expedition.

The horse, having never till then felt a man on its back, began to gallop most furiously, and flew onwards so fast that all who saw it thought the rider must lose his life, and he too was almost dead with fear. He tried his best to curb his steed, but the more he pulled the faster it galloped, till giving up all hopes of life he let it take its course. It jumped into the water and swam across to the other side of the river, wetting the cotton cords by which the Brâhmaṇ was tied down to the saddle, making them swell and giving him the most excruciating pain. He bore it, however, with all the patience imaginable. Presently the horse reached the other side of the river, where there

was a big palmyra tree, which a recent flood had left almost uprooted and ready to fall at the slightest touch. The Brâhmaṇ, unable to stop the course of the horse, held fast on to the tree, hoping thus to check its wild career. But unfortunately for him the tree gave way, and the steed galloped on so furiously that he did not know which was the safer—to leave the tree or to hold on to it. Meanwhile the wet cotton cords hurt him so that he, in the hopelessness of despair, bawled out *appa! ayya!*[1] On went his steed, and still he held on to the palmyra tree. Though now fighting for his own life, the people that were watching him from a great distance thought him to be flying to the battlefield armed with a palmyra tree! The cry of lamentation *appa ayya*, which he uttered, his enemy mistook for a challenge because, as we know, his name happened to be Appayya. Horror-struck at the sight of a warrior armed with a huge tree, his enemy turned and fled. *Yathâ râjâ tathâ prajâḥ*—"As is the king so are the subjects,"—and accordingly his followers also fled. The Brâhmaṇ warrior (!) seeing the fortunate course events had again taken pursued the enemy, or rather let his courser have its own furious way. Thus the enemy and his vast army melted away in the twinkling of

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[1] Which in Tamil are exclamations of lamentation, meaning, Ah! Alas!

an eye and the horse, too, when it became exhausted, returned towards the palace.

The old king had been watching from the loftiest rooms of his palace all that had passed on the other side of the river, and believing his son-in-law had, by his own prowess, driven out the enemy, approached him with all pomp. Eager hands quickly cut the knots by which the victorious (!) Brâhmaṇ had been held tight in his saddle, and his old father-in-law with tears of joy embraced him and congratulated him on his victory, saying that the whole kingdom was indebted to him. A splendid triumphal march was conducted, in which the eyes of the whole town were directed towards our victorious hero.

Thus, on three different occasions, and in three different adventures, fortune favoured the poor Brâhmaṇ and brought him fame. He then sent for his two former wives and took them into his palace. His second wife, who was pregnant when he first started with the *apûpa* cakes to see her, had given birth to a male child, who was, when she came back to him, more than a year old. The first wife confessed to her husband her sin of having given him poisoned cakes and craved his pardon; and it was only now that he came to know that the hundred robbers he killed in his first adventure were all really dead men, and that they must have died from the effects of the poison in the

cakes, and since her treachery had given him a new start in life he forgave her. She, too, gave up her enmity to the partners of her husband's bed, and all the four lived in peace and plenty for many a long day afterwards.

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X.

THE BRAHMAN GIRL THAT MARRIED A TIGER.

In a certain village there lived an old Brâhmaṇ who had three sons and a daughter. The girl being the youngest was brought up most tenderly and became spoilt, and so whenever she saw a beautiful boy she would say to her parents that she must be wedded to him. Her parents were, therefore, much put about to devise excuses for taking her away from her youthful lovers. Thus passed on some years, till the girl was very near attaining her puberty and then the parents, fearing that they would be driven out of their caste if they failed to dispose of her hand in marriage before she came to the years of maturity, began to be eager about finding a bridegroom for her.

Now near their village there lived a fierce tiger, that had attained to great proficiency in the art of magic, and had the power of assuming different forms. Having a great taste for Brâhmaṇ's food, the tiger used now and then to frequent temples and other places of public feeding in the shape of an old famished Brâhmaṇ in order to share the food prepared for the Brâhmaṇs. The tiger also wanted, if possible, a Brâhmaṇ

wife to take to the woods, and there to make her cook his meals after her fashion. One day when he was partaking of his meals in Brâhmaṇ shape at a *satra*[1], he heard the talk about the Brâhmaṇ girl who was always falling in love with every beautiful Brâhmaṇ boy. Said he to himself, "Praised be the face that I saw first this morning. I shall assume the shape of a Brâhmaṇ boy, and appear as beautiful as beautiful can be, and win the heart of the girl."

Next morning he accordingly became in form a great Śâstrin (proficient in the *Râmâyaṇa*) and took his seat near the *ghâṭ* of the sacred river of the village. Scattering holy ashes profusely over his body he opened the *Râmâyaṇa* and began to read.

"The voice of the new Śâstrin is most enchanting. Let us go and hear him," said some women among themselves, and sat down before him to hear him expound the great book. The girl for whom the tiger had assumed this shape came in due time to bathe at the river, and as soon as she saw the new Śâstrin fell in love with him, and bothered her old mother to speak to her father about him, so as not to lose her new lover. The old woman too was delighted at the bridegroom whom fortune had thrown in her way, and ran home to her husband, who, when he came and saw the Śâstrin, raised

[1] A place of public feeding.

up his hands in praise of the great god Mahêśvara. The Śâstrin was now invited to take his meals with them, and as he had come with the express intention of marrying the daughter he, of course, agreed.

A grand dinner followed in honour of the Śâstrin, and his host began to question him as to his parentage, &c., to which the cunning tiger replied that he was born in a village beyond the adjacent wood. The Brâhmaṇ had no time to wait for better enquiry, and as the boy was very fair he married his daughter to him the very next day. Feasts followed for a month, during which time the bridegroom gave every satisfaction to his new relatives, who supposed him to be human all the while. He also did full justice to the Brâhmaṇic dishes, and gorged everything that was placed before him.

After the first month was over the tiger-bridegroom bethought him of his accustomed prey, and hankered after his abode in the woods. A change of diet for a day or two is all very well, but to renounce his own proper food for more than a month was hard. So one day he said to his father-in-law, "I must go back soon to my old parents, for they will be pining at my absence. But why should we have to bear the double expense of my coming all the way here again to take my wife to my village? So if you will kindly let me take the girl with

me I shall take her to her future home, and hand her over to her mother-in-law, and see that she is well taken care of." The old Brâhmaṇ agreed to this, and replied, "My dear son-in-law, you are her husband and she is yours and we now send her with you, though it is like sending her into the wilderness with her eyes tied up. But as we take you to be everything to her, we trust you to treat her kindly." The mother of the bride shed tears at the idea of having to send her away, but nevertheless the very next day was fixed for the journey. The old woman spent the whole day in preparing cakes and sweetmeats for her daughter, and when the time for the journey arrived, she took care to place in her bundles and on her head one or two margosa[2] leaves to keep off demons. The relatives of the bride requested her husband to allow her to rest wherever she found shade, and to eat wherever she found water, and to this he agreed, and so they began their journey.

The boy tiger and his human wife pursued their journey for two or three *ghaṭikâs*[3] in free and pleasant conversation, when the girl happened to see a fine pond, round which the birds were

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[2] Among high caste Hindûs when girls leave one village and go to another the old woman of the house—the mother or grandmother—always places in her bundles and on her head a few margosa leaves as a talisman against demons.

[3] A *ghaṭikâ* is 24 minutes. The story being Hindû, the Hindû method of reckoning distance is used.

warbling their sweet notes. She requested her husband to follow her to the water's edge and to partake of some of the cakes and sweetmeats with her. But he replied, "Be quiet, or I shall show you my original shape." This made her afraid, so she pursued her journey in silence until she saw another pond, when she asked the same question of her husband, who replied in the same tone. Now she was very hungry, and not liking her husband's tone, which she found had greatly changed ever since they had entered the woods, said to him, "Show me your original shape."

No sooner were these words uttered than her husband remained no longer a man. Four legs, a striped skin, a long tail and a tiger's face came over him suddenly and, horror of horrors! a tiger and not a man stood before her! Nor were her fears stilled when the tiger in human voice began as follows:—"Know henceforth that I, your husband, am a tiger—this very tiger that now speaks to you. If you have any regard for your life you must obey all my orders implicitly, for I can speak to you in human voice and understand what you say. In a couple of *ghaṭikas* we shall reach my home, of which you will become the mistress. In the front of my house you will see half a dozen tubs, each of which you must fill up daily with some dish or other cooked in your own way. I shall take care to

supply you with all the provisions you want." So saying the tiger slowly conducted her to his house.

The misery of the girl may more be imagined than described, for if she were to object she would be put to death. So, weeping all the way, she reached her husband's house. Leaving her there he went out and returned with several pumpkins and some flesh, of which she soon prepared a curry and gave it to her husband. He went out again after this and returned in the evening with several vegetables and some more flesh and gave her an order:—"Every morning I shall go out in search of provisions and prey and bring something with me on my return: you must keep cooked for me whatever I leave in the house."

So next morning as soon as the tiger had gone away she cooked everything left in the house and filled all the tubs with food. At the 10th *ghaṭika* the tiger returned and growled out, "I smell a man! I smell a woman in my wood." And his wife for very fear shut herself up in the house. As soon as the tiger had satisfied his appetite he told her to open the door, which she did, and they talked together for a time, after which the tiger rested awhile, and then went out hunting again. Thus passed many a day, till the tiger's Brâhmaṇ wife had a son, which also turned out to be only a tiger.

One day, after the tiger had gone out to the woods, his wife was crying all alone in the house, when a crow happened to peck at some rice that was scattered near her, and seeing the girl crying, began to shed tears.

"Can you assist me?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the crow.

So she brought out a palmyra leaf and wrote on it with an iron nail all her sufferings in the wood, and requested her brothers to come and relieve her. This palmyra leaf she tied to the neck of the crow, which, seeming to understand her thoughts, flew to her village and sat down before one of her brothers. He untied the leaf and read the contents of the letter and told them to his other brothers. All the three then started for the wood, asking their mother to give them something to eat on the way. She had not enough of rice for the three, so she made a big ball of clay and stuck it over with what rice she had, so as to make it look like a ball of rice. This she gave to the brothers to eat on their way and started them off to the woods.

They had not proceeded long before they espied an ass. The youngest, who was of a playful disposition, wished to take the ass with him. The two elder brothers objected to this for a time, but in the end they allowed him to have his own way. Further on they saw an ant, which the middle brother took with him. Near the ant there was a big palmyra tree lying

on the ground, which the eldest took with him to keep off the tiger.

The sun was now high in the horizon and the three brothers became very hungry. So they sat down near a tank and opened the bundle containing the ball of rice. To their utter disappointment they found it to be all clay, but being extremely hungry they drank all the water in the pond and continued their journey. On leaving the tank they found a big iron tub belonging to the washerman of the adjacent village. This they took also with them in addition to the ass, the ant and the palmyra tree. Following the road described by their sister in her letter by the crow, they walked on and on till they reached the tiger's house.

The sister, overjoyed to see her brothers again, ran out at once to welcome them. "My dearest brothers, I am so glad to see that you have come here to relieve me after all, but the time for the tiger's coming home is approaching, so hide yourselves in the loft, and wait till he is gone." So saying she helped her brothers to ascend into the loft. By this time the tiger returned, and perceived the presence of human beings by the peculiar smell. He asked his wife whether any one had come to their house. She said, "No." But when the brothers, who with their trophies of the way—the ass, the ant, and so on—were sitting upon the loft, saw the tiger dallying with their sister they

were greatly frightened; so much so that the youngest through fear began to make water, and, as he had drunk a great quantity of water from the pond, he flooded the whole room. The other two also followed his example, and thus there was a deluge in the tiger's house.

"What is all this?" said the terrified tiger to his wife.

"Nothing," said she, "but the urine of your brothers-in-law. They came here a watch[4] ago, and as soon as you have finished your meals, they want to see you."

"Can my brothers-in-law make all this water?" thought the tiger to himself.

He then asked them to speak to him, whereon the youngest brother put the ant which he had in his hand into the ear of the ass, and as soon as the latter was bitten, it began to bawl out most horribly.

"How is it that your brothers have such a hoarse voice?" said the tiger to his wife.

He next asked them to show their legs. Taking courage at the stupidity of the tiger on the two former occasions, the eldest brother now stretched out the palmyra tree.

"By my father, I have never seen such a leg," said the tiger, and asked his brothers-in-law to show their bellies. The second brother now

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[4] A 'watch' is a *yâma*, or three hours.

showed the tub, at which the tiger shuddered, and saying, "such a lot of urine, such a harsh voice, so stout a leg and such a belly, truly I have never heard of such persons as these!" he ran away.

It was already dark, and the brothers, wishing to take advantage of the tiger's terror, prepared to return home with their sister at once. They ate up what little food she had, and ordered her to start. Fortunately for her her tiger-child was asleep. So she tore it into two pieces and suspended them over the hearth, and, thus getting rid of the child, she ran off with her brothers towards home.

Before leaving she bolted the front door from inside, and went out at the back of the house. As soon as the pieces of the cub, which were hung up over the hearth, began to roast they dripped, which made the fire hiss and sputter; and when the tiger returned at about midnight, he found the door shut and heard the hissing of the fire, which he mistook for the noise of cooking muffins.[5]

"I see!" said he to himself, "how very cunning you are! you have bolted the door and are cooking muffins for your brothers! Let us see if we can't get your muffins." So saying he went round to the back door and entered his house, and was greatly perplexed to find

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[5] Tamiḻ, *tôśai*.

his cub torn in two and being roasted, his house deserted by his Brâhmaṇ wife, and his property plundered! For his wife, before leaving, had taken with her as much of the tiger's property as she could conveniently carry.

The tiger now discovered all the treachery of his wife, and his heart grieved for the loss of his son, that was now no more. He determined to be revenged on his wife, and to bring her back into the wood, and there tear her into many pieces in place of only two. But how to bring her back? He assumed his original shape of a young bridegroom, making, of course, due allowance for the number of years that had passed since his marriage, and next morning went to his father-in-law's house. His brothers-in-law and his wife saw from a distance the deceitful form he had assumed and devised means to kill him. Meanwhile the tiger Brâhmaṇ approached his father-in-law's house, and the old people welcomed him. The younger ones too ran here and there to bring provisions to feed him sumptuously, and the tiger was highly pleased at the hospitable way in which he was received.

There was a ruined well at the back of the house, and the eldest of the brothers placed some thin sticks across its mouth, over which he spread a fine mat. Now it is usual to ask guests to have an oil bath before dinner, and so

his three brothers-in-law requested the tiger to take his seat on the fine mat for his bath. As soon as he sat on it the thin sticks being unable to bear his weight gave way and down fell the cunning tiger with a heavy crash ! The well was at once filled in with stones and other rubbish, and thus the tiger was effectually prevented from doing any more mischief.

But the Brâhmaṇ girl, in memory of her having married a tiger, raised a pillar over the well and planted a *tulasî*[6] shrub on the top of it. Morning and evening, for the rest of her life, she used to smear the pillar with sacred cow-dung and water the *tulasî* shrub.

This story is told to explain the Tamil proverb "*Śummâ irukkiraya, śuruvattai kâṭṭaṭṭuma*," which means—

"Be quiet, or I shall show you my original shape."

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[6] A fragrant herb, held in great veneration by the Hindûs; *Ocymum sanctum*. This herb is sacred alike to Śiva and Vishṇu. Those species specially sacred to Śiva are—*Vendulasî*; *Śiru-tulasî*, and *Śiva-tulasî*; those to Vishṇu are *Śendulasî*, *Karundulasî*, and *Vishṇu-tulasî*.

XI.

THE GOOD HUSBAND AND THE BAD WIFE.

In a remote village there lived a Brâhmaṇ whose good nature and charitable disposition were proverbial. Equally proverbial also were the ill-nature and uncharitable disposition of the Brâhmaṇî—his wife. But as Paramêśvara (God) had joined them in matrimony, they had to live together as husband and wife, though their temperaments were so incompatible. Every day the Brâhmaṇ had a taste of his wife's ill-temper, and if any other Brâhmaṇ was invited to dinner by him, his wife, somehow or other, would manage to drive him away.

One fine summer morning a rather stupid Brâhmaṇ friend of his came to visit our hero and was at once invited to dinner. He told his wife to have dinner ready earlier than usual, and went off to the river to bathe. His friend not feeling very well that day wanted a hot bath at the house, and so did not follow him to the river, but remained sitting in the outer verandah. If any other guest had come the wife would have accused him of greediness to his face and sent him away, but this visitor seemed to be a special friend of her lord, so she did not like to say anything; but she devised a plan to make him go away of his own accord.

She proceeded to smear the ground before her husband's friend with cowdung, and placed in the midst of it a long pestle supporting one end of it against the wall. She next approached the pestle most solemnly and performed worship (*pûjá*) to it. The guest did not in the least understand what she was doing, and respectfully asked her what it all meant.

"This is what is called pestle worship," she replied. "I do it as a daily duty, and this pestle is meant to break the head of some human being in honour of a goddess, whose feet are most devoutly worshipped by my husband. Every day as soon as he returns from his bath in the river he takes this pestle, which I am ordered to keep ready for him before his return, and with it breaks the head of any human being whom he has managed to get hold of by inviting him for a meal. This is his tribute (*dakshiṇá*) to the goddess; to-day you are the victim."

The guest was much alarmed. "What! break the head of a guest! I at any rate shall not be deceived to-day," thought he, and prepared to run away.

The Brâhmaṇ's wife appeared to sympathise with his sad plight, and said:—

"Really, I do pity you. But there is one thing you can do now to save yourself. If you go out by the front door and walk in the street my husband may follow you, so you had better go out by the back door."

To this plan the guest most thankfully agreed, and hastily ran off by the back door.

Almost immediately our hero returned from his bath, but before he could arrive his wife had cleaned up the place she had prepared for the pestle worship; and when the Brâhmaṇ, not finding his friend in the house inquired of her as to what had become of him, she said in seeming anger :—

"The greedy brute! he wanted me to give him this pestle—this very pestle which I brought forty years ago as a dowry from my mother's house, and when I refused he ran away by the back-yard in haste."

But her kind-hearted lord observed that he would rather lose the pestle than his guest, even though it was a part of his wife's dowry and more than forty years old. So he ran off with the pestle in his hand after his friend crying out, "Oh Brâhmaṇ! Oh Brâhmaṇ! Stop please, and take the pestle."

But the story told by the old woman now seemed most true to the guest when he saw her husband running after him, and so he said, "You and your pestle may go where you please. Never more will you catch me in your house," and ran away.

XII.

THE GOOD WIFE AND THE BAD HUSBAND.[1]

In a remote village there lived a man and his wife, who was a stupid little woman and believed everything that was told her. Whenever people wanted anything from her they used to come and flatter her; but this had to be done in the absence of her husband, because he was a very miserly man, and would never part with any of his money, for all he was exceedingly rich. Nevertheless, without his knowledge cunning beggars would now and then come to his wife and beg of her, and they used generally to succeed, as she was so amenable to flattery. But whenever her husband found her out he would come down heavily upon her, sometimes with words and sometimes with blows. Thus quarrels arose, till at last, for the sake of peace, the wife had to give up her charitable propensities.

Now there lived in the village a rogue of the first water, who had many a time witnessed what took place in the rich miser's family. Wishing to revive his old habit of getting what he wanted from the miser's wife he watched his opportunity and one day, when the miser

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[1] [Compare the Sinhalese folktale given at p. 62, Vol. I of the *Orientalist*.—Ed.]

had gone out on horseback to inspect his lands, he came to his wife in the middle of the day and fell down at the threshold as if overcome by exhaustion. She ran up to him at once and asked him who he was.

"I am a native of Kailâsa," said he, "sent down by an old couple living there, for news of their son and his wife."

"Who are those fortunate dwellers on Śiva's mountain?" said she.

On this the rogue gave the names of her husband's deceased parents, which he had taken good care, of course, to learn from the neighbours.

"Do you really come from them?" said she. "Are they doing well there? Dear old people. How glad my husband would be to see you, were he here! Sit down please, and take rest awhile till he returns. How do they live there? Have they enough to eat and to dress themselves?" These and a thousand other questions she put to the rogue, who, for his part, wanted to get away as quick as possible, as he knew full well how he would he treated if the miser should return while he was there, so he said:—

"Mother, language has no words to describe the miseries they are undergoing in the other world. They have not a rag to cover themselves, and for the last six days they have eaten nothing, and have lived on water only. It would break your heart to see them."

The rogue's pathetic words fully deceived the good woman, who firmly believed that he had come down from Kailâsa, sent by the old couple to her.

"Why should they suffer so?" said she, "when their son has plenty to eat and to dress himself, and when their daughter-in-law wears all sorts of costly ornaments?"

With that she went into the house and came out with two boxes containing all the clothes of herself and her husband and gave the whole lot to the rogue, with instructions to take them to her poor old people in Kailâsa. She also gave him the jewel box to be presented to her mother-in-law.

"But dress and jewels will not fill their hungry stomachs," said he.

Requesting him to wait a little, the silly woman brought out her husband's cash chest and emptied the contents into the rogue's coat,[2] who now went off in haste, promising to give everything to the good people in Kailâsa. Our good lady, according to etiquette, conducted him a few hundred yards along the road and sent news of herself through him to her relatives, and then returned home. The rogue now tied up all his booty in his coat and ran in haste towards the river and crossed over it.

No sooner had our heroine reached home than her husband returned after his inspection

[2] *Uparaṇi* or *upavastra*, an upper garment.

of his lands. Her pleasure at what she had done was so great, that she met him at the door and told him all about the arrival of the messenger from Kailâsa, and how she had sent clothes and jewels and money through him to her husband's parents. The anger of her husband knew no bounds. But he checked himself for a while, and asked her which road the messenger from Kailâsa had taken, as he said he wanted to follow him and send some more news to his parents. To this she willingly agreed and pointed out the direction the rogue had gone. With rage in his heart at the trick played upon his stupid wife our hero rode on in hot haste and after a ride of two *ghaṭikâs* he caught sight of the flying rogue, who, finding escape hopeless, climbed up into a big *pîpal* tree. Our hero soon reached the bottom of the tree and shouted to the rogue to come down.

"No, I cannot, this is the way to Kailâsa," said the rogue, and climbed up on the top of the tree. Seeing no chance of the rogue's coming down and as there was no third person present to whom he could call for help, our hero tied his horse to an adjacent tree and began climbing up the *pîpal* tree himself. The rogue thanked all his gods when he saw this, and waited till his enemy had climbed nearly up to him, and then, throwing down his bundle of booty, leapt quickly from branch to branch till

he reached the bottom. He then got upon his enemy's horse and with his bundle rode into a dense forest in which no one was likely to find him. Our hero being much older in years was no match for the rogue. So he slowly came down, and cursing his stupidity in having risked his horse to recover his property, returned home at his leisure. His wife, who was waiting his arrival, welcomed him with a cheerful countenance and said,

"I thought as much. You have sent away your horse to Kailâsa to be used by your father."

Vexed as he was at his wife's words, our hero replied in the affirmative to conceal his own stupidity.

Thus, some there are in this world, who, though they may not willingly give away anything, pretend to have done so when by accident or stupidity they happen to lose it.

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FOLKLORE IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

PART I.

BY

PANDIT NAṬÊŚA SÂSTRÎ,

GOVERNMENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Price, 1 Rupee; postage, &c., 1 Anna.

Opinions of the Press.

UNDER the above title we have received from Mr. Naṭêśa Sâstrî a small collection of Indian Fables which forcibly call to mind the legendary tales with which bright memories of our early years are stored. The tales contained in this little book, however, differ considerably in one respect from those with which our youthful hours over the home fire-side were beguiled. Both alike amuse, and yet point a moral or proclaim a truth, but these fairy tales of an Eastern land, unlike our own, have blended with them peculiar mythological allusions which lend them

piquancy. The East has ever been the home of legendary lore, but unfortunately ignorance of the language of this country on our part, and of ours on the part of the native, has for some time prevented the European from learning the style of fairy tale with which the Indian grand-dame beguiles the evening hour, seated among her dusky off-spring, or the way-side improvisator rivets the attention of the passer-by with his stories of quaint imagery, and half historical, half fictitious, or half probable and half improbable tales. It is the love of the marvellous with which the Eastern mind is so deeply imbued, that has to a great extent clouded the early history of this land. To trace the story of the good old days when Pandyapand Chola strove for mastery in Southern India is, owing to this, rendered well-nigh impossible. So intimately are copious myths blended with a little truth, that history has degenerated into fable, even in times so recent that in European history they seem but as yesterday. The little book before us goes far to show to the English reader what has hitherto been a closed book to many, the style of fiction which has thus impregnated the history of this part of the world. Historical allusions there are, but all blended, as we have said, with myth forming a quaint whole. In many instances the origin of proverbs and the reasons for certain Hindu customs are explained. Thus in one story we learn the legend on account of which the Brahman will not eat his food in the dark, while another explains the origin of the Tamil proverb, "Charity alone conquers." The English in which the tales are written is very good, and seldom does the author betray that the language in which he writes is any other than his own mother-tongue.

We find in it few indeed of those Indian peculiarities of language or composition from which native productions are seldom free. It is throughout most readably written, and we should strongly recommend any one who takes an interest in the literature of the East to peruse its fairy tales.—*The Madras Times.*

It is due to the patient researches of a class of *savants* and investigators that the Folklore of so many countries constitute an agreeable part of the literature of the world. Men of the highest intellect have addressed themselves, with more or less credit, to the task of collecting those legendary tales, myths, and similar things founded on some incident or tradition about which there is no historic certainty, and which are coloured by the glow of an imagination that runs riot. Every nationality in India has its Folklore, but it is only a small part of it that has been explored and brought to light, and there yet remains a large field for the industry of those who will take the trouble to discover the sort of legends that are retailed and believed in by the great mass of the people, legends the recital of which in prose or verse amuse the untutored fancy in numberless households or on the way-side. The late Mr. Gover published a work giving an interesting account of the Folklore in the Madras Presidency, and especially that in vogue among the Tamil-speaking population. Had he not been cut off in the prime of life and from amidst his useful municipal labours, this work would have been greatly extended. We have received a brochure of eighty-three pages, entitled "Folklore in Southern India" by a learned Pandit (S. M. Naṭêsa Sâstrî,) of the

Madras Presidency, employed in the Government Archæological Survey. It is written in English in a pleasing manner, and is only the first part of the tales that make up the folklore in Southern India.—*The Madras Standard.*

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